

What We Worked For

Against Me!

Lost the confidence to write a song
So I found three simple chords and held them together with my weak voice
On an out of tune guitar my father gave to me
And may Elvis turn in his grave
And Les Paul kiss my dirty, calloused fingers
And may the likes of this song never make one fucking dollar
Leave it for a demo tape to be played until it's broken, then remembered only for what it
was
That we gave them hell
That we gave them hell
That we gave them hell
To my friends and enemies who could have been anything
Titans and heroes who found survival in cause and effect
Behind counters, behind windows, striving just to be people
With bitter ideals of justice
Do we only need to keep working because it pays rent?
Sleeping under plastic stars glued to ceiling
Muscles burning alcohol and nicotine every morning
But we gave them hell
But we gave them hell
But we gave them hell
There's a height beyond skyscrapers
There's a distance beyond the freeway
More than pictures in a magazine
More than tragedy in a rock and roll song
It's more than actions you know are safe to make
It's more than money could ever buy
Are we living to work and die in American cities?
And working to live and die in American cities?
And dying for what we worked

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>